1486. aaa. 25.

Who Runs next:

OR, THE B—ke, Lord K

Lord *B*——*ke's* CONFESSION.

Found in his Cloſet ſince his Departure for *France*.

Faithfully publiſh'd from the Original by Mr. Dean *S*——

To which are added,

Some other Papers relating to the Earl of *Mortimer*, *M*—*w P*—*r*, Eſq; and the reſt of the late Managers.

LONDON:
Printed for A. DODD at the *Peacock* without *Temple-Bar*. 1715. Price 6*d*.

Lord B——'s CONFESSION.

Found in his Closet since his Departure for France.

28 FEB 67

Faithfully published from the Original by Mr. Dean S——.

To which are added,

Some other Papers relating to the Earl of Mortimer, and Mr—— P——, Bridge and the rest of the late Managers.

LONDON:

Printed for A. Dodd, at the Peacock without Temple-Bar. 1725. Price 6d.

Harry Gambol's
CONFESSION.

I *Harry Gambol*, being neither *right* in *Mind*, nor *sound* in *Body*, and feeling a hasty decay of Constitution, and Intellects, am resolved, before my Senses are entirely extinguished, to make a Declaration and Confession of the Sins and Male-Practices committed by me the said *Harry Gambol*.

I must own and confess, that from my Youth I ever had a prurient Inclination to trying of Experiments upon the Fair Sex; and that the Opportunities of squeezing the Palm, feeling the Temples, and asking secret Questions

familiar between the Phyſicians and their Patients, firſt determined me to the Practice of the *Stage*. That my Conſtitution being of the true Sanguine Complexion, and my Air of the *toujours confidant*, gave me great hopes of ſucceeding among thoſe with whom I was moſt inclined to Practice. Nor muſt it be diſſembled, that to eſtabliſh my Reputation with theſe my intended Patients, at my firſt ſetting out, I did Purchaſe an excellent *Italian* Secret of ſufficient Power to renovate the Expence of Spirits after long and frequent Viſits, and inſpire me with the Happineſs of a *Nervus Indefeſſus*. This was abſolutely neceſſary for a Young Practitioner; and I us'd it with ſo excellent Succeſs, both at Home and Abroad, that I ſoon gain'd the Reputation of a moſt able Phyſician, and in a ſhort time for *Hyſtericks* who but *Harry Gambol*? A certain Princeſs in *Italy* was ſo taken with my Management of this exquiſite *Secret*, that ſhe

ſent

ſent for me ten times in a Day, and confeſſed, ſhe would have a Fit at any time, only for the pleaſure of being cured by the *Engliſh* Doctor's Preſcription.

Alas! alas! that *no Human Things are laſting*; it is not now as it was then with honeſt *Harry*; whether the frequent Uſe of the Medicine has made it leſs Efficacious, or that it has by ſome other unlucky Accident loſt its Virtue, I cannot tell; I am apt to believe my blending it with the Recipe of a *Neapolitan* Quack, was the true Reaſon of thoſe Symptoms of Decay I now ſuffer under.

Sure I am, that when I applied it lately to a Patient that *Smutt* brought me, the Creature ſoon after complained of ſome *Symptoms* that reſembled the *Gravel* plaguily, and I was forced to turn her over into the Hands of a *Regular*, with a ſlight Excuſe of my

Indiſpo-

Indiſpoſition making it impoſſible for me to attend her any longer.

But where does poor *Harry* Ramble? when I am once upon my She-Patients, I own my failing of *dilating* too much.

Theſe are indeed but ſmall Managements, if compared with what I did in Concert with † *Hermodactyl*; and theſe truly lay heavieſt upon my Conſcience, tho' I think my *Church* will make even theſe Tranſgreſſions Venial. But then the damn'd Perſecuting Spirit of the *Regular* Phyſicians will follow me ſtill; and tho' I have a Pardon from the *Old Gate-Keeper*, I may be Hanged *ſecundum Artem & uſum Medici*, for all that.

Well, Truth muſt out; I ſhall never forget the Evening I got acquainted with

† *Earl of* O——*d*.

with that formal unintelligible *Quack*; it was over a Bottle of *Burgundy* I remember, and after the Ninth Quart to his ſhare, had ſhewn the ſanctified Varniſh of his Phyſiognomy, he contracts his Muſcles into an *Half-Smile*, and begins; *Gamool*, ſays he, I take thee for a pretty *Fellow*, and Predeſtinated to great Things: What if we ſhould ſet up a *Stage*? There are more Operators will come in, and I believe we may overthrow the *Regulators*.

What I have farther to add, muſt be deferr'd till my Return from *Paris*, whither I am this Moment going Poſt.

Soho Square, Saturday, March 25. 1715. H. G.

Adver-

Advertisement

BY THE

PUBLISHER.

THE following Epistle was found by Accident in the Chamber of the Person to whom it was writ, but something maimed and imperfect; however it lets the Reader into some secret Passages then in Agitation.

It was writ before the Peace was finish'd, as is plain from many Passages in it, and was never design'd to see the Light by the Author, whoever he was. If it be enquir'd why it comes abroad at this Time? The Reason is, that it was but last Week discover'd; and tho' written some time ago, is still new to the World. If we can possibly recover the remaining Part of it, it shall be communicated in due time to the Publick.

An EPISTLE to Dr. *Sw---t.*

SINCE you, Dear *Jon---an*, alone best know
The Pains we careful Writers undergo,
How evenly our measur'd Feet we tell,
How justly think, and how correctly spell;
To you my Muse her New Epistle sends,
The best of Judges, and the best of Friends.

My Stile is the Familiar, Friend, you know,
The same I us'd before to Old *Boileau*;
And not unlike to *That*, to tell you true,
Which pass'd between the *Tr----rer* * and *You*.

* *Dr. S---ft's Letter concerning the English Tongue.*

What News abounds at *Paris* you deſire,
And I what *Britain*'s Court affords, enquire;
L-wis, whom I in many a Ballad Rhyme
Have ſcourg'd from *W--m*'s down to *M--bro*'s Time,
Looks Jovial, Gay, and Hearty, and appears
With better Face than Me, by Forty Years;
He riſes early, and the Afternoon
He toys away with honeſt *Ma--enon*;
At Night the *New Academy* report
Their Politicks by *T--cy* to the Court;
But all their waking Projects, and their Schemes
Are not ſo good as cunning *L-wis*'s Dreams;
None quicker to contrive or to debate,
None judges better of a *Nation*'s *Fate*,
A Perfect *H--ley* in Affairs of State.

If you would farther underſtand how we
In this odd State of Peace and War agree,
Know that the *Grand Monarch* but lately gave
His true Effigies to his humble Slave;
The Sacred Piece with Rev'rence I adore,
Value the Picture much, the Jewels more:

For certainly all Kings are then *Divine*,
When their bright *Images* to Mortals ſhine,
Or ſet in Diamonds, or impreſt on Coin.

Thus Things are chang'd, you ſee, ſince I obſerv'd,
That one Mouſe fed Well, while the other ſtarv'd; *
And ſince my Fortune to ſuch Height is come,
I *wiſt not* who *Audits* or *Tells* at Home; †
How high their Places and their Penſions mount,
May *Matt* I *trow Abroad* for ever count.

See what the Force of *Mighty Chance* can do,
That turn'd a Poet to a *Plenipo*.
Great *Goddeſs Chance*, to Thee I humbly bow,
O hear thy Suppliant, and confirm his Vow;
As thy good Blindfold *Deity* of late
Has alter'd all at once *Britannia*'s State,
And by a happily inverted Rule
Mark'd *W——m* for a Wit, and *S——rs* for a Fool.

---

* *Firſt Epiſtle to Sir* Fleetwood Sheppard.
† *See Earl* Robert's *Mice*.

Has

Has *M—bro's* Military Fame decry'd,
And made *Victoria* wait by *O——d's* Side.
Still, mighty *Goddeſs*, in thy Courſe proceed,
Aſſiſt thy Favourites, and aſſert Thy Deed
On the firm Baſis of a *Secret Peace*,
O let thy Power, and their Juſt Fame increaſe.

Pardon this ſhort excurſive Pray'r from me,
Who never pray but in my Poetry;
And there at leaſt you with your Friend will join,
Adding to *Layman's* Faith, thy Faith *Divine*.

But hold, — I had almoſt forgot the reſt,
I promis'd News, and you ſhall have the Beſt;
The D--ke, the P---ce, I know not what to name,
Him that was W—s has now laid down his Claim;
Lewis, to put the Queſtion out of doubt,
Sends him to ſeek his Father's Aſſes out;
But yet none knows while thus Young *Saul's* Aſtray,
Whether he'll meet the *Prophet* in his Way.

Now for this cebrated *Peace*, ——what ? --Well,
My Finger's in my Mouth, I dare not tell; I

I muſt not ſpeak a ſingle Tittle more,
You know I blunder'd out too much before;
But if, like me, you draw ſome Cullies in,
One Word for all, you certainly muſt win.

You, who the *Sacred Page* have often read,
And keep all uſeful Places in your Head,
Know that in all theſe high *Myſterious* Things,
Aſſent from *Faith*, and not from *Reaſon*, ſprings;
With Rev'rence then the Terms of Peace explore,
And what you cannot underſtand, adore;
Reaſon but little, Sir, and much believe,
For ſure Such *Miniſters* can ne'er deceive.

But now from Publick and Important Cares,
'Tis Time we mention next our own Affairs;
And how we make a ſhift to waſte the Time
Between the Bottle, Politicks, and Rhyme;
Reviving *Tea* is in the Morning brought
To ſettle Stomach, and to fix the Thought;
That mix'd with *Aſſes* Milk by Me's preferr'd,
As fitter for the *Lean, Conſumptive Bard*,

Of

Of mighty ſecret Virtue to reſtore
The Spirits loſt in Love the Night before.
Then if the *Grand Negotiation* fail,
I chant a *Love-Ode*, or deviſe a *Tale*,
From Gay *Fontaine* a *Dialogue* purloin,
Improve the Smut, and ſet it down for mine;
For ſuch ſoft Strokes as neceſſary are
To pleaſe the Fancy of the Reading Fair,
As your New Excellence to ſtrike the *Beaux*,
Of Damn'ing Roundly in * *Hiſtoric Proſe*.

At Dinner with my Friends I change the Strain,
And drink Old *Lewis* in his own *Champaign*;
Such Wine of Courſe the riſing Soul provokes
To witty *Dialogues*, and merry *Jokes*;
That all Reſerve and formal Cant defies,
And ſhews the Friendly Soul without Diſguiſe;
Hence canvas we our *Britiſh* Stateſmen, who,
To *A—a* is, and who to *L—s*, true;
Drink each Confiding Health in plenteous Draught,
And count how many more may ſtill be bought;

* *See the* Tale of a Tub.

Enquire which Way the Dubious Sway will bend,
And whether ſome may Rule who yet *Pretend*:
Dark are the Councils of Intriguing Fate,
But *Ancient Prophecies* ſecure the State;
For I have found theſe Words, which long remain'd
Like ſome before * to be by you explain'd:

When in One Year Tway Fiſhes Dye,
And Cyderlando riſes high,
Then Boy who was Young J——y once.
And Glos is called for the Nonce
Shall hope to be by Lilies Cheat
The King of Thame, and ſhall I weet.

Do you, whoſe *Aſtrologic* Vein is fit,
Unriddle what the Prophet's Pen has writ.
Such Revelations I preſume ſhould be
Only explain'd by a *Divine* like *Thee*,
While I the Purpoſe of the Muſe perſue,
And tell thoſe Secrets which are known to few.

* Sw—ft's Windſor *Prophecy*.

Sometimes on *State Affairs* we gently touch,
Laugh at the Bilkt *Imp——ſts* and *D——ch*,
And ſmile to think One G—l has undone
That Train of Vict'ries which the other won:
O! Glorious Warrior, O! Herdick Heat,
That won, by daring boldly to retreat;
Whoſe *Laurel Crowns* no bloody Victims coſt,
But only thoſe which by his Friends were loſt.
Who now would fight, when he ſuch Honour gains,
For Marching leiſurely through *Flandria's* Plains?
Diſgrace to *W——m* and to *M——bro's* Name,
Who knew not this moſt eaſy Road to Fame.
Who vainly thought by fighting Foes to riſe,
And grow by Victories to reach the Skies.
For ſure whatever Poets may pretend,
The ſafeſt Glory is to leave a Friend.

'Tis eaſy, Sir, to prove what here is meant,
For ſince all Things are meaſur'd by th'Event,
Since we thoſe Actions moſt with Honour bleſs
Which anſwer beſt that End which we profeſs;
If *Fighting* could not gain a Peace before,
Who by *not Fighting* gains it, merits more.

The

Then let the *Whig* in mean Reflection rail,
Say it is ſeizing Honour by the Tail;
Yet are thoſe Maxims beſt which moſt conduce
To Preſent Int'reſt, and to Private Uſe.
What Politician ever made Pretence
To mind the Circumſtance of Wit or Senſe?
It is not who could beſt perform, but who
Is warmeſt in the Cauſe which we purſue;
What other Qualities could e'er prevail
With Men of Parts to bid *Sacheverell* rail?
Or teach the *Dapper Prieſt* * to vent his Spite,
Or you the Celebrated *Conduct* write;
That Piece to which each Speaker owes his Notes,
And the Wiſe *S—te* more than half their *V--tes.*
O Noble Leaves! O *Sw--ft's* Immortal Deed
Thee unborn *Tories* ſhall with Pleaſure read,
And bind *Thy* Sacred Pages with their Creed;
To future Times *Thou* ſhalt recorded ſtand
The Great *Hiſtorian*, who haſt ſav'd the Land;

* *The Rev. Mr.* Trap, *Author of* Abra Mule, *a Tragedy*,

In *Bodley's* Library ſhall be enroll'd,
Thy Covers and thy Back be wrought with Gold,
And live when *Drake's* Memorial lies unfold.
Go on Great Champion of the Church's Cauſe,
With *Frogs* and *Bulls* ſtill merit our Applauſe;
Call Mother *Haggy* from the nether Skies,
And make New *Ghoſts* and *Apparitions* riſe.
The greedy Populace will all receive,
And with implicit Confidence believe.
By theſe more Converts ſhall thy Doctrine gain
Than if thou compaſſeſt both Land and Main,
The Truth of Scripture-Tenets to maintain.
From theſe great Merits ſhalt thou ſoon become
The Fav'rite Subject of the *Drawing-Room*;
Thee o're their *Tea* the Ladies ſhall require,
Repeat thy Jeſts, thy Modeſty admire;
Yet farther Honours ſhall exalt thy Pride,
In the Gilt Coach thou ſhalt Triumphant Ride,
And chat Familiar by his Lordſhip's Side;
And ſhortly (if the Muſe inſpire my Tongue)
To Thee thy ſelf the Chariot ſhall belong;
When Spite of *T---k* thou ſhalt enſtall'd be ſeen
The Wiſe, the Witty, *Unbelieving* D--n. My

My Zeal for you, you ſee, my Dear Divine,
Tranſports my Fancy from my Firſt Deſign;
While I too cloſely this lov'd Theme purſue,
I ſhould have ask'd a Thouſand Things of You:
What paſſes in the Cabinet and Court?
What *Tories* act, and what the *Whigs* report?
If *Levi*'s Sons ſtill Sing their ancient Song,
That all are Slaves, and Kings can do no Wrong?
If ſtill their *Synods*, made for Peace, engage
In Civil Quarrels and Religious Rage?
What, do they hope to graſp into their Hands
The *Church*'s Portion, her old *Abby Lands*?
Does my dear wicked *Harry* ſtill purſue
The witty Maxims which he learnt from you?
And when he would his Politicks impart,
Warm well with Wine Phlegmatick *O—d*'s Heart?
O in that Conſort how I wiſh to join,
And mingle *T——n* with the flowing Wine!
To rail, impeach, and draw important Schemes,
To * * *

Multa deſunt.

SMUTs

SMUT's EPITAPH.

O *Jonathan* of merry Fame,
As *Swift* in Fancy as in Name!
Here lye, as thou haſt often done,
Thy Holy Mother's pious Son;
Debarr'd from Paper, Pen and Ink,
And (what's a greater Plague) depriv'd of Drink:
For lo! Thy Idol *O X**, thy *Staff* and *Rod*,
As you might ſay, *is dropt by G—d.*

Your Rampant *BULL* of comely Gate,
Who leap'd all *Cows* he cou'd come at,
Was ne'er ſo tame in all his Life,
As now he ſees the *Butcher's-Knife.*

The *Baiting* firſt, is *Hockley* Play,
And then comes on the *Slaughter*-Day.
Then, O ye Sons of *Britain*, take your Fill,
For all the Market ſay, *He's fit to kill.*

But if *BULL* † Beef ſhou'd prove too tough,
Or for ſo many Mouths not quite enough;
Go take the *O X*, he's much the *fatteſt Beaſt*,
An *O X well roaſted* is an *Engliſh* Feaſt.

---

* *Earl of* O——d.
† *Lord* B——ke.

A LET-

A Letter to Sir *Patrick Lawleſs.*

SIR,

THINGS of great Moment, to Men in your [Station,
I know ſhould be ſent without Heſitation;
And therefore, dear Sir, I believ'd it moſt meet
To ſend ev'ry Line (very near) on ſix Feet.
The Cauſe is now o're, the *Pretender* is caſt,
The *Parliament-Title* hath prov'd beſt at laſt:
His Council miſtook; for here lay the Flaw,
His Right, had he prov'd it, was not good in Law.
Had you, Sir, been here, you would almoſt have dy'd,
When *George* was proclaim'd not an old Woman cry'd;
And what would have touch'd, I am ſure, to the quick,
O—, *B*—, and the *C*—, look'd moſt wretchedly ſick.
Our Doctors adviſe 'em to go into *France*;
They ſay they'll die here, without a great Chance.
Pray, Sir, tell the *Knight*, we are out of all Pain,
And I ſcarcely believe he'll ſtay in *Lorrain*.
The beſt he can do, is to go to the Pope;
A Cardinal's Hat I prefer to a Rope.

The

The Caſe now is alter'd, the Tables are turn'd;
The Pope, and the Devil, and He may be burn'd.
Dear Sir, be aſſur'd, and you may take my Word,
Thoſe Friends are no more, and who cares a T—?
The *Knight* now may go, and groan *De Profundis*,
We'll ſing *Te Deum*, for *England* our own is,
You'll think your old Friend now has not kept his
[Word,
When he ſwore (on a Time) he'd ſee him reſtor'd;
I tell you he has, you might have known better;
He meant the Spirit, and you took the Letter.
Dear Sir, bid the *Knight* ſend his Pimps here no more,
We'll not be debauch'd by his old painted Whore.
His Penſioners here he'd do well to diſcharge;
They'll be of no Uſe, and his Friend's Debts are large.
But if Money ſhould fail, and that may be true;
Give a Liſt of their Names, we'll pay 'em what's due.
This is all, Sir, at preſent, that I have to ſay;
But that 'tis well for you, that you did not ſtay.
Dear Sir, I remain
Your——a Pox on the Gout
S'Death how it twinges! Oh! I can't write it out.

AN ODE TO THE PRETENDER.

Inscrib'd to Mr. Lesley *and Mr.* Pope.

I.

ATtend, you Loyal *Britons*, to my Lays,
And thou, *Hereditary Right*, give ear;
Accept, Auspicious Heroe, this thy Praise,
Whether thou chusest *Perkin*'s Name to bear,
Or *Glo'ster*'s Duke, or James the Third, or doughty
(*Chevalier*.

And thou, O Sacred *Rome*, ſublime my Song.
But hold—beware, my Muſe, beware,
Rome, why, our Heroe has renounc'd her long,
Rome ſays herſelf he is no more her Son,
And who can disbelieve the never-failing Chair?
Why then, you *Romiſh* Saints, begone,
Begone, you Bravoes of the murd'rous Trade,
Coleman, with **Fenwick**, **Faur**, the Muſe diſdains their Aid;
Low may they lye in Death as Life deſpis'd,
Begone, you Saints, whom *Tyburn* canoniz'd.
Yet, *Tyburn*, truſt me, I bewail thy Wrong,
Defrauded of thy Due, the Patron of my Song.
O **Leſley**, thou my Patron, help me to rehearſe
Thy Prince's Praiſes in Immortal Verſe.
And if the Youth's Converſion don't offend,
A while, O **Pope**, thy daring Genius lend.
O could I Tranſubſtantiate my Lays,
And make them thine, to Sing the Heroe's Praiſe,
Aloft I'd Soar, and Celebrate my Theme,
In Lines as ſoft as ſoft * *Loddona*'s Stream.

* See *Windſor-Foreſt*, a Poem.

II.

Be ſtill, thou *Bath*, be ſtill you ſteaming Springs,
And thou, O *Tunbridge*, boaſt no more
The Barren Womb unclos'd, thy fructifying Pow'r,
A greater Wonder ſtill my Story Sings;
Sw——t Swears by G—d 'tis true, Sach——i believes,
By help of Conſecrated Smock the Royal Nymph conceives.
Promis'd a Child when ſhe could bear no more,
The Son of *Terah*'s unbelieving Wife,
Laught, ſays the Scripture, from behind the Door.
Nor could be brought to think it for her Life;
But **Molly** had more Faith, and in the ſelf-ſame Caſe,
Tho' at the Jeſt, except herſelf, all Smil'd,
Put on the Smicket and a ſerious Face,
And for her Faith was ſtreight rewarded with a Child.
With ſuch a Child too— but her Pangs begin,
Mark how ſhe weeps, ſhe groans, ſhe cries,
Sign'd as her Pangs, aſſiſt her, Pagan Deities,

Aſſiſt her, **Juno**, O aſſiſt her all,
But no— ſhe'as got a ſpeedier Machine,
For ſee, her Pangs are o're, the Warming-pan's
brought in,
And ſhot into the Bed the Babe begins to ſquall.

III.

Nor thou, Auſpicious Prince, nor thou diſdain
The ſervile Caſe of Warming-pan;
An Infant thou in Warming-pan wert held,
And was not **Jove** himſelf by *Corybantine* Bra
conceal'd?
Says Story, **Jove** was ſuckled by a Goat,
But when he march'd into the warring Field,
He ſlew his Nurſe, and ſtript her of her Coat,
And cover'd with the Shag his ample Shield.
Our Prince thus arm'd from *Scotland* ran,
With the ſame Piety St. **George**'s Knight,
Has hammer'd out his Native Warming-pan,
And wears it on his Back, whene're he goes to Figh

O Princely Prudence! Piety ſincere!
O happy Braſs that gird'ſt the Royal Loins!
The Scales, the Bow, the Sword, let Heaven no
longer wear,
Come down from Heaven, come down you meaner
Signs,
Mount thou, O Warming-pan, and with a Nobler
Light
Glad the refulgent Skies, and beautify the Night.

IV.

O *Glo'ſter*, *Chevalier*, O James,
O animate the Muſes Flames
With the ſame Vigour as thou rann'ſt away
From *Oudenard*, when *Brunſwick* turn'd the Day,
On *Oudenard*'s unlucky Plain.
Let *Brunſwick* boaſt his War-horſe Slain,
Yet *Brunſwick* all in vain gave Thee the Chace,
He loſt his Saddle, thou didſt win the Race.
Let *Brunſwick* boaſt his Faulchion bath'd in Blood,
Call thou to Witneſs every *Gallick* Wood.

Call

Call thou to Witneſs every *Gallick* Plain,
What * Flocks of Wild-fowl that Right-Hand has Slain.
Witneſs, thou *Seine*, with what a certain Slight,
He Intercepts the Swallow's mazy Flight;
He takes her as ſhe wavers in the Skim,
Her ſcatter'd Plumes adown thy current Swim.
Oh! ſhould this dreadful Warriour come to Reign,
Tremble you Partridges on *Windſor's* Plain,
Fly, fly, you Woodcocks, fly from *Windſor's* Wood,
You Swallows ſweep no more the Neighb'ring Flood;
Swift to the Mark his deadly Thunder flies,
And ſoon as ſeen the ſpringing Pheaſant dies.

V.

Thee, **Lewis**, Thee, O Hoſpitable King,
The World admires, and the Muſes ſing;
On thee the Penſionary Prince relies,
Look on the Youth, O look with Pity down!
Thou doſt; and thanks to thee with greedy Eyes,
He meditates a Throne, and graſps a Crown.

* The *Pretender* is reported to be a great Shooter.

O **Lewis**, hadſt thou liv'd in Pagan Time,
When Baniſh'd Heaven for a Pious Crime,
The God of Wit came down,
He had not ſought **Admetus'** Houſe,
Nor fed his Hogs, nor fed his Cows;
Phoebus had harbour'd in *Lutetia's* Town,
The Silver *Seine* to hear his Song,
Reluctantly her ling'ring Folds had ſhov'd along;
Verſailles had ecchoed to his Strains, and *Marly*
Had heard him ſing the *Grand Monarque* and his
Grand Crony H——.

VI.

Hail, **Bacchus**, hail, hail, Son of Thund'ring **Jove**,
Whether in *Nants* thou dwell'ſt or Rich *Champaine*,
Or elſe in *M——m's* Pumpled Face,
Alight from thy Seat, preſent, and Oh prove
Our Godlike Prince of *St——rt's* Race,
Thou wert Twice Born, yet not a Man
So Blaſphemous or Nice,

Denied

Denied thou wert the Thunderer's alone;
And though our Godlike Heroe was deliver'd Twice,
Both from the Womb and Warming-pan,
Sure all muſt grant he is—his Father's Son.
Say why, O Critick, ſay why, Caſuiſt,
Our Prince is not a Prince of Worth;
You ſay a Second Thought is beſt,
Why not a Second Birth?
Hail then, all hail, O Prince unfeign'd,
In Thee united all the Gifts we ſee
Of all thy Houſe who have before thee reign'd:
The ſteady *A*——*a*'s Conſtancy,
And both the *C*—*s*'s Policy,
And both the *J*—*s*'s Courage ſhine united all in Thee.

VII.

But why, when *Gallia* rears her drooping Head,
Why mourns St. *Germains* now the Peace is made?
The happy Peace is made, 'tis true, and they
Muſt Joy indeed, but Joy with vaſt Allay.

The

The Prince, alas! the Fav'rite Prince departs,
No more his awful Eye-shine glads their Hearts;
No more shall they behold the Heroe come
Laden with Hares and slaughter'd Wild-fowl Home;
Dejected see! With many a rueful Groan,
To far **Lozain** he journeys o're the Plains,
Whilst *P—h* and *Mel—d* to relieve his Moan,
Assure him his next Step is to a Throne;
And bid him trust in faithful *H—s* Pains:
Bid him be Valiant, and disperse his Fears,
Bid him rely on *Sc—d*'s Mutineers.
Bid him not doubt whilst **Lesley** pleads his Cause,
Whilst Senseless Cudgell'd **Roper** meets Applause,
And whilst his Delegated *Sh—n* Slights the Laws.

VIII.

You mighty Pow'rs, what Nymph so Bright,
Her Nation's Glory, and her Sex's Pride,
Shall climb to such an envied Height,
As to be crown'd the Peerless Prince's Bride;

Dread Youth, once more thy Courage prove,
And venture on a frightful but a friendly Dame,
One that will glow with double Flame
Of Brandy, and of Love.
Should *M——m* loſe her Husband, in his Stead
Be grateful, and admit her to thy Princely Bed.
O Equal Match! O more than Happy Pair!
The Heroe Valiant, as the Lady Fair.
Advance, Oh Hymen, Oh advance,
At the Bride's Carbuncles thy Taper light;
Let *B——m* and *L——n* lead the Dance,
And *B——e* and *O——d* fuddle out the Night;
With Mirth and Muſick let the Palace ring,
Sing *Io* Perkin, *Io* M——m, ſing.

Advertiſement.

THE *Following* SCENE *not being very Comm and having in it Something Extraordinary, t Reader may, if he pleaſes, find it in a Play left Imp fect by* Ben. Johnſon, *called* MORTIMER H FALL. MORTIMER *is Introduc'd with t* SOLILOQUY.

MO

MORTIMER

HIS

FALL.

MORTIMER.

THis Riſe is made, yet! and we now ſtand rank't,
To view about us all that were above us!
Nought hinders now our Proſpect, all are even,
We walk upon a Level. *Mortimer*
Is a great Lord of late, and a New Thing!
At what a divers Price do divers Men
Act the ſame Thing! Another might have had
Perhaps the Hurdle, or at leaſt the Ax,
For what I have this Crownet, Robes, and Wax.
There is a Fate that flies with tow'ring Spirits
Home to the Mark, and never checks at Conſcience:

Poor plodding Prieſts, and Preaching Friars may make
Their hollow Pulpits, and the empty Iſles
Of Churches ring with that round Word: But we
That draw the ſubtil and more piercing Air,
In that ſublimed Region of Court,
Know all is good we make ſo, and go on,
Secur'd by the Proſperity of our Crimes,
To Day is *Mortimer* made Earl of *March*:
For what? For that, the very thinking it
Would make a Citizen ſtart! Some Politick Tradeſman
Curl with the Caution of a Conſtable!
But I, who am no Common-Council-man,
Knew Injuries of that dark Nature done,
Were to be throughly done, and not be left
To Fear of a Revenge. They're light Offences
Which admit that. The great Ones get above it.
Man doth not nurſe a deadlier Piece of Folly
To his high Temper, and brave Soul, than that
Of fancying Goodneſs, and a Seal to live by
So differing from Man's Life. As if with Lions,
Beaſts, Tygers, Wolves, and all thoſe Beaſts of Prey,

He

He would affect to be a Sheep! Can Man
Neglect what is ſo, to attain what ſhould be,
As rather he will call on his own Ruin,
Than work t'aſſure his Safety? I ſhould think
When 'mongſt a World of bad none can be good,
(I mean ſo abſolutely good and perfect
As our Religious Confeſſors would have us;)
It is enough, we do decline the Rumour
Of doing monſtrous Things: And yet if thoſe
Were of Emolument unto our Ends,
Even of thoſe the Wiſeman will make Friends,
For all the Brand; and ſafely do the ill,
As Uſurers rob, or our Phyſicians kill.

FINIS.

He would affect to be a Sheep! Can Man
Neglect what is fo, to attain what ſhould be,
As rather he will call on his own Ruin,
Than work t'allure his Safety? I ſhould think
When 'mongſt a World of bad none can be good,
I mean fo abſolutely good and perfect
As our Religious Conſeſſors would have us;)
It is enough, we do decline the Rumour
Of doing monſtrous Things, and yet if thole
Were of Enſolument with Men,
Even of thole the Wiſeman will make Friends,
For all the Eſtate; and ſafely do the ill,
As Uſurers rob, or our Phyſicians kill.

FEB 28 07